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Nid oes 'n awr (dirvawr darvu!)—na maswedd,  
 Na miwsig yn Nghymru;  
 A diau oedd vod dydd a vu,  
 Telyn gan bob penteulu.

Gwau mil o leisiau melysion,—arav  
 O ryw euraid cyson;  
 Dawnus gân glustiau dynion  
 Er lles hir glywed llais hon.

*Gorfenav, 9ed 1726.*

LEWIS MORRIS, ei cant,

### GWYL DEWI SANT\*.

*Cerdd ar y Mesur, "Scots, wha ha'e, &c."*

Gymry dewrion, medd y bardd,  
 Gwisgwn heddyw genin hardd,  
 Cenin gwyrddav yn yr ardd,

*Ar Wyl Dewi Sant.*

P'le mae'r cenin gwyrddion ddail,  
 Bonau gwynion? 'does mo'u hail,  
 O! gwisgwn hwynt,—da yw'n sail,

*Ar Wyl Dewi Sant.*

Gymry dewrion! hwn yw'r dydd  
 Rhoddwyd ni yn berfaith rydd  
 Oddiwrth elyn gwlad a fydd,

*Gan ein Dewi Sant.*

Gymry! savwn val y Sant,  
 O blaid y fydd, ein gwlad, a'n plant,  
 Bydded arnom hyn o chwant,

*Er mwyn Dewi Sant.*

Buddugoliaeth lŵyr a llawn,  
 Gavas DEWI trwy ei ddawn,  
 Onid ydyw, Gymry, yn iawn,

*I ni govio'r Sant?*

O'i vlaen Morgan âi ar gŵl,  
 O'i vlaen cwypai Saeson vil,  
 O'i vlaen tyvai hedd a'i hil,

*O! Wyl Dewi Sant.*

\* This *Cerdd*, or Song, on St. David's Day, was sung, we believe, at the last Annual Festival of the Subscribers to the Welsh Charity School. For notices of St. David, or Dewi, as he is styled in Welsh history, see vol. i. of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 170, and No. 25. p. 137.—ED.

Gymry dewrion, medd y bardd,  
Gwisgwn heddyw genin hardd,  
Cenin gwyrddav yn yr ardd,

*Ar Wyl Dewi Sant.*

Bloeddiwn bawb âg uchel lev,  
Nes in' siglo sêr y nev,  
Cavwyd buddugoliaeth grev,

*Ar Wyl Dewi Sant.*

TEGID.

## English Poetry.

AIR—" *The Men of Harlech.*"

### WELSH MELODY:

INTENDED FOR THE "CANORION" SOCIETY.

#### I.

THOUGH far from the mountains of Cambria we dwell,  
Her melodies still o'er the heart have a spell—  
And it beats gainst the side, like a strange prisoned bird,  
That hears the wild notes which in youth it had heard ;  
When the Bard strikes the harp—like that harp which, of yore,  
The Bard of old Urien so gracefully bore—  
And the dear native *awen* is flowing so strong  
From the muse of the soul in the magic of song.

#### II.

In torrid or frigid, wherever they roam,  
No clime can estrange an old *Cymro's* young home ;  
And strong is the bent of the mountain-born flock,  
As the eagle on wing for Eryri's old rock—  
And our country shall smile on her children that rove,  
As the pelican bends o'er the offspring of love,  
When the dear native *awen* is flowing so strong  
From the muse of the soul in the magic of song.

#### III.

The fair, and the good, and the brave of our days,  
Shall blush and shall smile when they hear their own praise ;